

Hence cometh the conviction, that God is, indeed, Good and Great, and the effects of that Goodness, the Wisdom of that Greatness, past finding out.

H. T. C

THE ENCHANTED SPRING.

In a back number, we gave a brief statement of the method by which this Spring was discovered, and the peculiarities, it is said, to possess, but having some doubt as to its Spirituality, we suggested that nothing could be permanently gained by attempting to associate it with Spiritualism, without facts, authorized the statement.

How far the article on the first page is calculated to give the necessary proof, the reader must infer; but we can assure him the communication is from a friend to, and a lover of, the glorious truths of Spiritualism—one who has done good and effected service for the cause of Progress and Spiritual reform.

Whatever the reader may think of the Spirituality of the enterprise, nothing can be clearer or more matter-of-fact than the statement "that the sick are cured, and nearly every kind of suffering alleviated by using the water." Whether the water will continue, and for how long a time to possess this virtue, are questions we have not the insight to answer; but those who know most about it, have gone so far as to make the necessary preparation for building houses, in hope the same may be finished, "furnished, and ready for occupancy on the first of June, 1856."

The undertaking is not only Spiritual in origin, but humanitarian in its purposes, for we have the most direct and positive testimony—"there shall not be the slightest shadow of speculation casting its blight upon the enterprise." This should be generally known, as this fact will go far towards removing the skepticism that otherwise may press heavily upon, and thereby impair the usefulness of the movement.

There is hardly any need of an argument, however, to convince the receptive mind that this, and all other Springs of a like character, may be made not only useful, but the mediums of untold blessings to the race—if started and conducted in order, and harmonized to the general teachings of Spirit-life.

Indeed, enthusiasm has already thrown a halo of glory around it, for one friend, writing of it, says, "Let it be built with the love of its worshippers," and it shall be the Mecca to which the pure in heart will turn their steps."

Before this can take place, however, there is much hard work to be done, as there is a farm of seventy-five acres to be got in readiness, the ground broke up, foundations laid, frames to be made, that the buildings and all things may be in order by the Spring.

As a matter of course, there must be something of a capital, both in money and labor to effect this; and the Circular says:—

"In furtherance of the plans herewith submitted, and for proper execution of them, a fund of at least ten thousand dollars will be required; for obtaining which the following mode is adopted:—

"Any person disposed to aid in the permanent establishment of 'Sylvan Grove and the Enchanted Spring,' as described in the pages accompanying this, and for the purpose therein designated, will furnish such an amount as she or he may name, as a donation, or as a loan, receiving in the latter case a certificate thereof, entitling the holder to a yearly dividend of the surplus funds created by donations and receipts, over and above the actual expenses of management; the dividend to each being governed by the amount which the certificate represents; which certificate, when fully paid by the dividends endorsed upon it, shall be returned to the undersigned, who pledge themselves to devote their whole time and energies to the personal superintendence, management, and continuance of the affairs, with strict regard to the objects and aims set forth."

JOHN S. ADAMS,  
Miss J. S. ADAMS,  
GEORGE L. STAFFORD.

Those wishing for further light on this subject, can obtain the necessary information by writing to John S. Adams, Chelsea, Mass.

THE TESTIMONY AND LABORS OF ROBERT OWEN FOR SPIRITUALISM.

Few are aware of the untiring industry and ceaseless effort of this well known, long tried, and faithful advocate, and friend of Reform, Spiritually and humanly; but the fact is none the less true, that we have few, very few, who are more active and diligent in stimulating thought, awakening inquiry, and none more positive in their protest against existing evils. Nearly every mail that comes from Europe, brings some tidings of his efforts in behalf of Progress and Reform. Of late, he closes his lectures and addresses by bearing testimony for the truth of Spiritualism, and expressing his full confidence in the spirit and genius of its mission, as alike calculated to aid the progress and harmonization of the race. The following being the conclusion of a late effort, we give in illustration.

"Extraordinary as the events, inventions, and discoveries have been in the nineteenth century, the most astounding have been the new Spiritual manifestations, which commenced at Rochester in the United States, in 1847. It is now evident that these Spiritual communications and proceedings are preliminary to the greatest of all advances in the progress of humanity, towards a rational and happy state of existence upon earth.

These new and extraordinary communications and demonstrations are increasing in magnitude and power day by day, and far exceed the marvelous of all past times. They are coming to convert the population of the world from ignorance to knowledge, from hatred and repulsion to love and attraction, and from misery to universal rational enjoyment; a new phase in the life of man, when, throughout the earth, he will have his character so formed for him, that he will be at all times and in all places governed solely by love and wisdom, and evil will be forever banished from the world.

The Spirits of benighted men, (while living upon the earth,) are now deeply interested and actively engaged without ceasing, to prepare the population of the world for this great and glorious result in the gradual process of creation on our globe. With these proceedings, the learned in old times will be confounded, the men of the world astounded, and the ignorant amazed. The utmost ingenuity and barefaced falsehood will exert their pigny powers in vain efforts to prove imposture. Facts will govern fiction, and divine power will overcome the ignorance of earthly presumption, until the most obstinate shall be compelled to know, and to say,—"this work is from God, and it is vain for man to contend against his Creator."

All will admit that this subject is now become of sufficient interest to require the most open and fair investigation of the public and of public authorities.

Mr. Anderson, the so called "Wizard of the North," by his advertisements, and his attempts to explain that which is yet unexplained by the science of the most learned, is doing good service to the cause of truth, and for which all sincere believers in the realities of these communications will be thankful; because he will thus stimulate enquiry and force investigation, and truth must triumph. Sept. 10, 1855. ROBERT OWEN.

FRIENDLY CO-OPERATION AND ITS EFFECTS.

Although we have not publicly mentioned the efforts made by our friends in behalf of the *Christian Spiritualist*, we are none the less sensible of the kindness intended, and accept the present occasion to thank them, one and all, for their friendly and effective co-operation. Beside, we can assure all who may feel an interest in, and sympathize with the mission of the *Christian Spiritualist*, that neither labor nor expense will be spared to make the paper all its friends would have it, and all it should be, as the worthy herald and advocate of the "communion of saints"—the intercourse of Spirits—the correction of sins, and the consolations of progress in a life everlasting."

As indications of progress and of the sympathy felt in the spread of Spiritualism, we give the following that others, "seeing their good works, may learn to do likewise."

SMITHVILLE, Oct. 15, 1855.

Editor *Christian Spiritualist*:

MY DEAR SIR:—Perhaps, ere this, you have thought that I have forgotten my promise, but allow me to say, that the more I read, and the more I investigate the Spiritual phenomena, the more firmly I believe its reality, and I deem it the true only doctrine that can afford consolation to the dying man. My interests and influence is with you, and I feel the deepest solicitude in the circulation of the *Spiritualist*. The specimens you sent in accordance with my instructions more than met my expectations. I herewith enclose you six dollars, which you will please accept, and forward the paper as herein directed. I think I shall be able to send seven or eight more names in two or three weeks. I shall continue doing all I can both for the *Spiritualist* and the cause. Yours truly,

A. C. BROOKS.

RUTLAND, Meigs County, Ohio.

Editor *Christian Spiritualist*:

I received the specimen numbers which you sent me, together with the books, and am very much pleased with them. During election, yesterday, I electioneered for the *Christian Spiritualist*, and am happy to send a report of my success to you, enclosing a ten dollar bill, for which you will please send ten copies of your paper to my address for one year. I will try to add a few more to this number in a week or two.

Yours, in the cause of progression,  
ALEXANDER HOGG.

MISS KATE FOX.  
FREE COMMUNICATIONS.

It is with pleasure that the Society for "THE DIFFUSION OF SPIRITUAL KNOWLEDGE," informs the public of the return of Miss Fox from her summer tour in Canada and the West, as she resumes her labors at the Rooms of the Society, subject to the direction and pay of the same. She will in this, as in her former engagements, sit, without charge, to the public, for the benefit of SKEPTICS or such ENQUIRERS as are not yet convinced of the reality of SPIRIT-INTERCOURSE, and know not the consolations of Spirit Mediation.

Hours, from 10 to 1, every day, Saturday and Sunday excepted.

The Society wish it distinctly borne in mind that Miss Fox is employed for the purpose of converting the skeptical, rather than to contribute to the pleasure of the *Spiritualistic believer*, and it is expected, therefore, that those who are CONVERTED will not occupy the time of the Medium.

This change is warranted not only by the experience of the past year and a half, but suggested by the consideration, that those who may wish communications from their Spirit friends can, and should, avail themselves of the services of other Mediums.

BACKING OUT.

Twice we have had occasion to remind the editor of the "Christian Spiritualist" that his statements, regarding Mr. Koon's Rooms and Spiritualism, were not true, and twice we have been answered in the most unbecoming manner.

We have simply asked for a fair correction of an error, which appeared in the columns of the *Christian Spiritualist*, without wishing to convict the editor of intentional wrong or willful misrepresentation, and as a final explanation we get the following flippant, but ungentlemanly back out. In his issue of Oct. 12, under the head of Spiritualism, he says:

"The editor of the *Christian Spiritualist* is kindly informed that we shall not enter into a controversy with him. We have no faith in what is termed modern Spiritualism, but from what we have seen of it, we are satisfied that, like the Salem Witchcraft—Millerism—the merino sheep and multicaulis speculations, it must have its run, and then like those excitements it will die out.

"With these views, it is useless to combat the error; it is cheaper to let it die a natural death. Its advocates are too blindly attached to their favorite delusion to listen calmly to reason, and the best way is to leave them peacefully in the enjoyment of it. The Saviour of mankind left his followers a golden rule to test both truth and error—'By their fruits ye shall know them.' And by this rule we would urge every true Christian to test the truth of Spiritualism. If they find, as we have, that this Spiritualism leads to a rejection of the Word of God, on the part of its most earnest followers, then let them avoid such heresy, for it cannot be from God."

Inasmuch as we have not asked the writer to have "faith in what is termed modern Spiritualism," nor invited him to a "controversy," the above explanation of motive seems to us to be alike destitute of point and character, without, indeed, we are to believe that the term "Christian" with him is a figure of speech. However, as he has adopted the "leave me alone" doctrine, we will take him at his word, and without wasting any more words, bid him good bye, and a pleasant journey. It may be well to remind him, nevertheless, that though "the roots of knowledge are bitter the fruit is sweet," for he seems to have mistaken the infancy of Spiritualism for its manhood and old age. It is a Greek proverb, but it may suggest patience to a Christian—if he is not above learning.

A BABY PHENOMENON.

Brother L. Bush, of Auburn, writes us over the date of September 27, and in substance says:—"I have just been witnessing the feats of Sir Wm. Byron Smith, a child who is but six months old to-day. This little 'Lord of Creation' is remarkable, not only for being one of the most perfect of Nature's handiworks, but for the manifest dexterity with which he stands upon his tiptoes, he being able, when held in that position, to keep time to music in a masterly manner. Whether this preternatural exhibition of nature is to be explained by the psychology of his 'mother's singing to him,' or by the aid and influence of his Guardian Father in the Spirit-land, is a question for the curious to determine."

It is possible, as his father died some months previous to his birth, that the ministrations and guardianship of the father's Spirit may have had some influence on the precocity of his development. Who can explain?

THE MANIFESTATIONS AT BUFFALO.

Those attending the "Davenport Circle," are still made to realize with increasing wonder, the power and ingenuity of the Spirits. Skepticism may laugh at the statement, and still ignore the testimony of competent and honorable witnesses, but facts like the following, leave the crudities of skepticism and the explanatory theories of the learned Professors and Doctors far in the back ground.

The editor of the Buffalo Republic in his issue of October 16th says:

"Mr. Davenport's room is filled every evening with anxious spectators investigating the wonderful manifestations which take place. Last evening there were some curious and perplexing movements which seemed to tax the imagination of most persons present. The two boys were placed at the table, and beside each of the boys were seated two gentlemen, each taking hold of the hands of the boys. There was then a circle formed around the table, all standing up and joining hands. After a few moments, the trumpet was taken up, and spoken through, the bell was rang, and loud pounding was heard on the table. Occasionally the trumpet would be thrown on the floor and then raised again to the table, without the aid of the hands of the mediums or the persons in the circle. These and various other equally strange and unaccountable things were performed, which perplexed the unbelievers and confirmed the philosophy of the believers. It is said that Spirits exhibit themselves palpably in the day time, to some particular individuals, by showing portions of their persons, and that Spirit hands have taken the trumpet from under the table and carried it to different parts of the room in full view of the spectators. In connection with this subject, we will relate what was told us by a gentleman who has been almost a constant visitor at the rooms for some weeks, and thinking that these things might possibly be accomplished by means of invisible machinery or some secret agency, determined to give the Spirits a trial. So he arranged with the two mediums to go to his own room and sleep with him. Accordingly the boys went to his room, and after getting into bed, the water from the pitcher began to fly about the room in quantities rather more profusely than was agreeable for the occupants. Our friend thought he would put a stop to this kind of sport, by taking the water pitcher into an adjoining apartment. He then got into bed again, having tied one of the medium's hands together with a napkin, while the other was snoring in his sleep, which he did not disturb. Having got into bed again, and quietly waiting to see what the Spirits would do, all at once there came in a column of water which dashed against the head board like a small deluge. This was rather too much for the skepticism of our friend, who quietly arose and struck a match to see if the boys had turned into a stream of water, or were still real flesh and bone. There lay one sleeping quietly as before, and the other as calm as a mid-summer evening, his hands having been released from their confinement by cutting the napkin as precisely in two as if it had been done by the most practised mechanic. There it lay in halves, each half in sections generally spoiled for all practical purposes, except for infant patch-work. When our friend got thus far with his narration of a night with the Spirits, we told him to hold on to the balance, which we will give some other time.

"BORN AGAIN."

At Newark, N. J., at ten o'clock on Friday evening last, Edward Kirk Johnson passed into the World of Spirits, apparently without a struggle, in the 25th year of his age. He had been better than usual through the day, and sat up until nearly nine o'clock; upon the pains coming on he was put into bed. At length he became so bad that Mrs. J. advised him to rise and walk down stairs, thinking he might be thus relieved. She assisted him to dress, but on attempting to leave the chamber he suddenly fainted, and she was obliged to call for help. With great difficulty he was led down stairs, and as soon as he reached the room he sank upon the floor. Being lifted into a chair, he leaned forward, dropped his head upon the bosom of his wife, and instantly expired.

Mr. Johnson was a native of England, and by profession a printer. He had suffered nearly one year from a disease which has been termed Indirect Neuralgia. Being seated at the base of the brain, it affected the optic nerve to such a degree, that several months since he became blind. His sufferings through this long period were indescribable. To say that he bore them with that beautiful patience—that sweetness of soul, which so eminently characterized him, is only common justice.

Gentlemanly in his bearing, refined in feelings, bland and graceful in manner, he had yet the higher traits of an aspiring and earnest mind, a child-like simplicity and truthfulness, and a sterling integrity of character which are seldom combined in the same individual. He has left a wife and one child—not so much to "mourn his loss" as to feel, and be taught daily the beautiful consolations of Spiritual presence and re-union. Even the little boy of four years old will tell you, with a smile upon his sweet face, that "Father lives in Heaven."

A PROPOSITION FOR THOSE FORMING CIRCLES.

The time having arrived for the forming of Spiritual Circles for the winter, "The Society for the Diffusion of Spiritual Knowledge," wishing to aid in every effort made for the development and spread of Spiritual truth, offer the use of their Rooms, 533 Broadway, to such as may feel inclined to form Circles of twelve for the investigation of Spiritualism.

Two rooms are at the service of such, to be used every day in the week, Sundays excepted, which will admit of the formation of twelve Circles, to meet day or evening, as may be most convenient to the members.

Each Circle will make arrangements for lighting and heating the room, and tax their members accordingly, should they not feel disposed to do that work themselves. Persons wishing to join such Circles will call and leave their names at the office of the Society.

LITHOGRAPH LIKENESS OF A. J. DAVIS.

We were somewhat, but pleasantly, surprised this morning, (Wednesday) on entering our sanctum, to find ourselves face to face with an excellent likeness of Andrew Jackson Davis. Of course we made our bow, as we could not shake hands, and then made the following note:

This likeness is much larger than any of Mr. Davis' previous representatives, and is by far the most faithful to nature and spirited in execution. The artist, L. Grozier, although previously known to fame, by his likeness of Theodore Parker, must add much to his reputation by the present effort. The publishers, H. E. Gardner & M. T. Dole, have done all in their power to make this offering faultless, as it was designed for framing and parlor purposes. Price \$1.00.

All orders sent to this office, or the office of the *Spiritual Telegraph*, will be promptly attended to.

THE ACTUAL CHRISTIAN.

A PORTRAIT FOR THE TIMES.

The following extracts from a discourse on the "Right of Private Judgment and Religious Liberty," by the Rev. ALEXANDER DUNCANSON, of Sandusky, Ohio, we believe will be acceptable to, and be remembered by, all who love the Spirit and mission of Jesus instead of his rank or title.

As we have all kinds of Christians— theological, sentimental, and practical—it may be well to call attention to the actual Christian, as his life is the best vindication that can be offered for the truth and value of Christianity. And, therefore, large and generous honor should be conferred on him who can so harmonize the Spiritual characteristics of the lover of religion with the zeal of the Progressionist and the moderation of the Conventionalist, without doing violence to good sense or the genius of Christianity, for the popular conception of "the Christian" needs to be elaborated and expanded by wisdom and vitalized by a pure and Christ-like devotion, before religion can again be "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth."

Therefore, we welcome the character outlined in the following, as it bespeaks the forthcoming of a race destined to live Christianity, honor God, and bless the human family.—*Ed. Chr. Sp.*

"Religion is a life, not a mere profession; a grand embodiment of Christian spirit and virtuous practice, not a mere creed; an outworking of every holy principle of fraternity and brotherly love, not a mere ritual; a consecration to every good word and work, not a mere fashionable routine of pious etiquette and Sunday religious exhalation! It is not so much a series of crude dogmas, stereotyped opinions, traditionary and hereditary doctrines; asceticism, looks, upturned eyes, skyward glances, a softened walk and honeyed lips; all this may, and often does, consist with the very worst principles inhabiting the heart, and the most degrading motives animating the bosom. Religion embodies everything that is kind and amiable, benevolent and diffusive, just and righteous, fraternal and brotherly, forgiving and forbearing, patient and long-suffering. Its object is to make heaven everywhere, and hell nowhere; to banish misery and diffuse universal happiness.

"If such be the beautiful nature, character and mission of Christ's religion, what should its professor be—what his character, spirit, action? He should be enlightened on all subjects, because all speak of God, and manifest variously the great and universal Father. A liberal-spirited man, no sectarian, no bigot, a man of enlarged mind and expanded heart. A benevolent man, not passing suffering humanity, like the priest and the Levite, but cheerfully pouring the oil and wine into his neighbor's wounds and woes. An active and devoted man, ever ready to every good word and work, not waiting till others lead the way, but initiating whatever is calculated to glorify God or do good to man. A man undaunted and persevering, whom no fears disturb, no failures discourage, no ungrateful returns, wound or pain; whose motto is, 'On, ever on!' A philanthropist, his country the world, his family the whole of mankind; his church all that have the spirit and image of Jesus Christ; his life and duty to spread the reign of brotherhood, charity, peace and good will. A social revolutionist, who understands the great wants and necessities of humanity, and prospers by his sympathy, patronage and financial aid, every cause that dries up the human tear, or relieves the aching heart. A non-bigot, who, in the distributions of his charity, or in putting forth his exertions, or the extension of his patronage and aid, never inquires who began the movement, or who sustains it, but simply, 'Is it good? Is the end contemplated God's glory and man's happiness?' and puts his shoulder to the wheel. A progressionist, who lives up to his time; whose mind is not tied up in the swaddling-bands of past ideas, and held in the leading strings of antiquated and exploded thought. A sincere, earnest inquirer after truth, who knows that progress is the eternal law God has written on mind, and waits and watches with intense anxiety for every new ray that serves to enlighten his mental and moral horizon.

"A man, the aspirations and inspirations of whose nature are too large and defined to be satisfied with the past and present, but who grapples with the yet dark and dim future, and seeks to wrest, by a kind of premature birth, its further disclosures. Finally, a man of conviction, not impulse; of principle, not excitement. You can always find him just where he was left: his principles are established; he acts from solid conviction; he is not one day in one frame of mind, and the next in the opposite—your warm friend one moment, and without provocation reserved, watchful, suspicious, condemnatory. Such a state of mind is a serious defect, and demands moral training. Such are the elements that ought to enter into the character of the man who professes to be a follower of him who went about continually doing good. Are not religion and religious character beautiful, when preached and acted out consistently? Assuredly!

"The rights of private judgment not only include the right to think and speak, but also to express religious opinion through the press or in public action. Why should it not be so? This has always been the trouble,—here has lain the difficulty,—the church has always sought to put on an extinguisher. It is impossible! Place a cover on a volcano, and the globe will quake with a cable, blot out the sun with your finger, and then the human mind and its upward growth may be stopped. No priest, no inquisition, no bull roaring from the Vatican, can manage this. Man will think, and let him think. If no embargo had been laid on public expression, and free commerce been allowed in speech, the world would have seen long ago where it stood, error would have been detected, truth established, vice arrested, virtue promoted. No danger of infidelity! This scare-crow must be laid aside. Truth can take of itself, and Christianity has been more than a match for all her assailants. No one but the clergyman seems to dread danger. Truth is eternal, Christianity divine; they can both stand, without help, on their own foundation.

We might as well charge ourselves with the onerous duties of taking care of the sun, or adjusting the heavens after a shower of rain, as to feel so feverish about truth and Christianity. Let us exhibit truth, virtue and Christianity in our lives, and leave the abstract principles, as well as we may, to take care of themselves. Against such a life, neither infidelity, nor anything else, can lift its tongue; and it is unquestionably certain that, had more religion existed in principle, and in the life, and less in mere profession, infidelity would not have found standing room for its feet. A persecution for expressed opinion is as antagonistic to justice as it is opposed to reason, common sense, and the enlightenment of the age. Indeed, persecution has lost its power. The world is beginning to see that it is the persecuted men that are the most intelligent, progressive and virtuous. To persecute a man in our day is to raise his good name, extend his popularity, and give him a broader hold upon society. The world has outlived the cry of 'heresy,' and 'not orthodox,' and vested interest must take another tack. Their best policy would be, if they cannot keep back any longer the march of mind, to put up the helm, and sail with the stream. The continued outcry of 'infidelity,' against new ideas and opinions, by the hunker clergy and laymen of our church, passes totally unheeded; the intelligent and progressive listen not. No clergyman can reduce himself more rapidly to sheer impotency than by crying out and preaching against the growing intelligence and improvement of the day."

NOTES BY THE WAY.

NO. XIV.

WARE, MASS., Oct. 8, 1855.

BROTHER TOOHEY: After writing my last, Brother Burlingame, of Somerville, kindly carried me over to Wilbraham. We had a very wet journey of ten miles, but were very cordially received at its termination by Mr. and Mrs. Collins, with whom I abode during the week. During the journey we passed the late residence of Brother Calvin Hall, the devoted Missionary Healing Medium. This brother possessed a large and handsome property, fitted with every convenience, tastefully ornamented, and in a high state of cultivation. Before becoming a Spiritualist he was a gross liver, a profane man, and a free thinker, but since coming under the Spirit influence he has become a totally changed individual in all respects; his diet now is of the simplest kind—milk and fruits, principally—and no oath is now ever upon his lips. Beside this, however, a much greater and better change has come over him, for he is now a worshipper of the great All Father, and delights in doing that which will glorify him. When he became a medium his heirs became alarmed for his sanity, as many other persons have done in like circumstances. To calm their fears he sold his property, with a small reserve, and gave to each of his expectants their portion—retaining so much as would yield interest to supply his own personal wants, and enable him to go forth freely into the field and labor for the good of humanity. Would that we had a few more Calvin Hall's in the field who would be willing to sacrifice wealth and the comforts of home in old age for the sake of duty.

I lectured in Wilbraham on Monday evening, which was very stormy, and the audience, consequently, thin. On Tuesday I visited Jencksville, and arranged with Mr. Ray, the gentlemanly agent of the cotton factory, to lecture in that village on Wednesday and Friday evenings. At both meetings, which were held in the Presbyterian Church, there was a fair attendance, though not more than four or five Spiritualists can be found in the place.

On Thursday evening I purposed lecturing again in Wilbraham, but the rain descending in torrents prevented.

I have, however, been impressed to give them another visit, and shall lecture there twice next Sunday, Oct. 14th.

On Saturday I came to this village, but was again prevented by the weather from lecturing that evening, as I had expected. On Sunday, however, I lectured twice to large and attentive audiences, and shall lecture again on Monday and Tuesday evenings. Here I make my home beneath the hospitable roof of Brother Horace Bond, with whom I shall tarry till Wednesday, when I expect to proceed to Warren for the rest of the week.

I find it hard work to get along, but by economy of the strictest kind I hope to go through with my work.

While in Wilbraham I visited Doctor Glover, formerly of New York city, and was much interested in reading several documents which he has received from Spirits, written without human instrumentality.

He and his lady have had remarkable physical manifestations. On one occasion her spectacles were carried some distance by Spirit agency, and at another time a degenerate likeness was conveyed about two miles—being brought from her dwelling to the house where the Circle was assembled. After it had entered the room she saw it when approaching her, at the distance of several feet, and moved aside fearing that it would strike her, but it fell at her feet.

While remaining here my healing powers were called into exercise in a small degree. I ought not to close this letter without testifying to the great good accruing to humanity through the agency of Mrs. Mettler, of Hartford, the great prescribing and healing Medium. Her cures are filling the minds of the public with the deepest astonishment. Neither should I omit to mention the name of Mrs. Lorin L. Platt, who recently travelled in Connecticut and Massachusetts. Where she has labored she too has left a mark which will not be easily erased, and I feel that I am simply doing my duty in testifying to her excellence as a Medium of the same class as Mrs. Mettler. Let those who are afflicted in your city or neighborhood, go at once and consult her, and my word for it, they will be thankful for the counsel here given. This lady has not been rightly appreciated. Were the public to test her powers she would stand in their esteem far above any, or all other Clairvoyant and healing media in your city or its surroundings.

Having thus more than filled my sheet I close this epistle, and am,  
Yours, for Truth and Humanity,  
JOHN MAYHEW.

PUTNAM'S MONTHLY FOR OCTOBER: New York, Dix & Edwards, 10 Park Place.

As the secular press is, for the most part, devoted to—because supported and paid for discussing the policies and popular measures of the times, and as the theological press is so fully in love with its own wisdom and the darling dogmas of the schools, as to be incapable of any very hearty sympathy with the wants of the reading man, who neither care for the declamation of the one nor the cost of the other—for this class the Monthly Magazine is a specialty not only desirable, but necessary. Of magazines, as well as *manias*, we have many—the former, because of the latter—but all filling some mission, because illustrative of and appealing to some phase of mentality, which sheds some kind of light on the surroundings of society, and adds to the general illumination of the Age. Of these, had we the room, much might be said, as they have not only a local habitation and a name, but a beauty or a deformity all their own, as they are looked at through the reverse ends of the mental telescope. At present, however, we simply wish to introduce "Putnam's Monthly," as we wish our readers to become better acquainted with it—not because of any sympathy it has for Spiritualism, but because there are some good, sensible, and eloquently written articles in it, from time to time, which appeals to the philosophy of experience and the wisdom of the race, on such subjects as require the application of so serious and dignified a method.

True, it is strongly spiced occasionally with the conservative element, and looks wise, even "beyond what's written," but most Spiritualists have life enough, social, mental, and physical, to accept this with a relish, as it can only tend to season their admiration of the good time coming. Beside all this, we like the word "Putnam" both for its historic as well as its literary associations, for the good books published by the one have been as serviceable to the mental emancipation of the age, as the heroism and good deeds of the other tended towards, and helped to make that emancipation a possibility in the destiny of the race. May the immortality of the one be shared by the other here and hereafter. Among other interesting articles in this number, the first on the "Portraits of Washington," the fourth on "Benito Cero," the sixth on "Life among the Mormons," the eighth on Alfred Tennyson's new poem, and the twelfth on the "Drama in France," are well worthy of an attentive reading. Besides these, the "Editorial Notes" are well worth reading, as they are brief and to the point.

SPIRITUALISM OF SHELLEY.

The term seems inappropriate, for the poet Shelley was all Spiritual, and of a refined and noble order of Spirituality that was above the ordinary mind-spheres; it was for this reason that the poetry of Shelley was so little understood on its appearance. But we must use the term Spiritualism or none, to express our idea of the tenor and range of that wonderful man's perceptions.

Shelley was one of those who, like Swedenborg, are "in the natural world with men and Spiritual world with angels" at the same time. Consequently in his writings there is a commingling together of the Spiritual and the elements.

Besides this, there is actual recognition and description of pure Spirit-life, separate from all material ultimations. He recognizes as Spirit the soul, the soul as independent of the physical man, and capable of being detached from the body in order to perform more perfectly its functions of Spirit. In Queen Mab he describes this process taking place in the person of a pure and noble woman, for the purpose of enabling her to see clearly the condition of the human race. "Shelley was eighteen when he wrote Queen Mab," and pure Spiritual "affluents," it probably is superior to any poem he ever wrote, and not only any means in "finish" of style. It is an eagle-mountings of his soul, we feel his relationship to the immortal world, and we see that a man "of like passions as we are" can aspire to such noble heights of Spiritual being.

After a description of the sleeping Ianthe, we leave upon the mind the impression of an statue would produce; and a portrait of the Queen, drawn with a pencil of sunbeams, comes scene of the translation of Ianthe's Spirit, will be recognized by all who are familiar with "r trance-state," to be the same that now takes place in the case of our best mediums.

"Sudden arose  
Ianthe's soul; it stood  
All beautiful in naked purity,  
The perfect semblance of its bodily form,  
Instinct with inexpressible beauty and grace.  
Each stain of earthliness  
Had passed away; it reassumed  
Its native dignity, and stood  
Immortal amid ruin."  
"Upon the couch the body lay  
Wrapt in the depth of slumber;  
Its features were fixed and meaningless,  
Yet animal life was there,  
And every organ yet performed  
Its natural functions: 'twas a sight  
Of wonder to behold the body and soul  
The self same lineaments, the same  
Marks of identity were there."

There is so much in Shelley's experience of earth-life to move us to melancholy, that not for proofs like those of his familiarizing Spirit-world, and of his actual participation in it, it would be too sad to think of his here, so entirely was he at discord with the received faith of those among whom he cast. He made mistakes—none but God have done otherwise; but though as a man would avoid his errors, which were few; as a poet, we recognize him among the highest, and that his strengths and excellencies were many.

In the "Revolt of Islam" are also passages which might have been written with the author fixed on the scenes of the Spirit world. He finds himself in a magic boat, beside of a woman who is beloved by a Spirit with her he passes the "ocean that girds the nature's remotest reign," and enters the sphere surrounding the earth. There he has

"A temple, such as mortal hand  
Has never built, nor ecstasy, nor dream  
Reared in the cities of enchanted land."  
After a description which is indescribably the glorious islands, the "sculpture like" thought which rose around them on every they come to a wondrous hall.

"Whose glorious roof  
Was diamond, which had drunk the lightning  
In darkness, and now poured it through the  
Of spell-inwoven clouds hung there to scatter  
Its blinding splendor."  
And on whose "jasper walls" were "paintings of mightiest thought," in which they had "veiled" "a mighty scene" of "the great who departed from mankind," and in the midst of upon a throne that at first seemed vacant, fully revealed himself to their vision.

"A form  
Fairer than tongue can speak, or thoughts meet  
The radiance of whose limbs, rose-like and  
Flowed forth, and did with softest light  
The shadowy dome, the sculptures, and the  
Of those assembled shapes."

From this Spirit he hears a grand tale of his earth-struggle—"a tale of human striving invincibly against the giant wrongs rule the earth. Such was Shelley's own practical protest against what he believed to be in society, and all his writings have the same aim. It is hard that such a man should be driven to the necessity of proclaiming himself an atheist. He was in one sense false to himself, doing, yet in another sense he was true to himself, and true to Him who is actually God. For he worshipped as few men worship Him who is, and only denied that God whom the education of men had made and set up on high to fear and tremble before, rather than to love as a Father. In "Prometheus Unbound" have proof of this. Here indeed is a great revealing more of Shelley's soul than any he wrote. Prometheus, or the Spirit of God, silent here, conquering by enduring patric tyranny of Jupiter—redeeming all things by suffering, from the clutches of eternal evil.

"Love, from its awful throne of patient power  
In the wise heart, from the last gliding hour  
Of dread endurance, from the slippery shore  
And narrow verge of ere-like agony, sprang  
And folds over the world its healing wings."

Can he who wrote such a redemption-poem, be called an Atheist? Yes, by those who worship a God who revenges rather than redeems by those who fail to recognize the eternal of human suffering—the sovereign virtue of self-sacrifice. As our God is, so will we be. Thor is our God, we shall all seek to be thunders and conquer the world by the force of our words, but if He whom Christ revealed to the world, the everlasting Father, the prince of peace, be some over us, then we shall seek in like manner to overcome by love and to



From the Cryon.  
**AN EASTERN STORY.**  
Hassan, the wood-cutter, from morn till night  
Toiled at his heavy task among the trees,  
With willing hand; and with a heart unguilt  
Three times a day he prayed upon his knees.  
At last, long years of work had worn his strength;  
His arm no more could level heavy blows;  
And scarcely would his toil at greatest length  
Supply the simple wants the poor man knows.  
Still he worked cheerful on, with humble trust  
That for his needs the Lord would yet provide.  
One day he prayed—"O Prophet! O Most Just!  
Who holdst the highest place by Allah's side!  
"Thy servant now is poor, and weak, and old,  
And still, if Allah bids, will labor on;  
But if the prayer be right, and not too bold,  
Bestow pray for him that his task be done.  
"Pray the Most Wise, that to a single day  
The allotted term of my life be sent;  
Then let my breath pass peacefully away,  
And in abundance let my labors end."  
That night the wood-cutter in slumbers lay,  
When to his sleeping eyes a vision came—  
The Prophet's form, shining with light like day;  
The Prophet's voice addressed him by his name:  
"Hassan, thy prayer is heard; life's lengthened year  
The Almighty crowns into a single day;  
To-morrow's sun shall end thy labors,  
To-morrow brings the old man's destined day."  
With morning's dawn the old man awoke,  
And daily turned toward, kneeling in prayer;  
As his prayer-earrings from the ground he takes,  
A heap of money meets his startled gaze.  
The Almighty's gift he knows:—"To-day my last—  
The day on which my labors all are done—  
Shall, with this bounty, happily be passed.  
And others' blessings greet my setting sun."  
A feast he makes—his welcome in the poor,  
And for himself a simple meal he saves.  
The feast is finished, at the open door,  
A stranger stands, who for admission craves.  
"Have pity on an outcast; give me food,  
And penny rest on thee." With a quick reply,  
"Come eat with me," says Hassan:—"God is good!  
What matter if with half a meal I die?"  
The stranger ate, and grateful, took his way:  
Hassan was left alone, when once again  
A cry disturbed the calm of closing day:  
The cry of one in hunger's bitter pain.  
The old man hastens to help the beggar in,  
And gives him all that for himself he meant:  
Wishing, indeed, it had more plenty been,  
And tending in his heart a sweet content.  
That night, once more, the Prophet's form appeared:  
He spoke to Hassan, while he sweetly slept:  
"The blessings of the poor the Lord has heard—  
The Lord approves thee as his worthy child."  
And now he bids thee, as his steward, live—  
Live out thy destined, lengthened years below:  
To thee His grace and hand will freely give,  
And what He gives do thou again bestow."  
Long years in happiness old Hassan lived;  
The poor prayed for him, Allah heard his prayers—  
And, when he closed, he that pure joy received,  
Which for his faithful the Most High prepares.

From the Sacred Circle.  
**DIFFERENT KINDS OF MANIFESTATIONS.**

It is often alleged by the secular press, representing a majority of the public, that the various doings, called physical manifestations, raps, rappings, &c., are unworthy of an immortal Spirit. It is charged that Spiritualists represent the Spirits of heaven as coming to earth on very foolish errands, and doing very foolish things, and altogether acting as enlightened and dignified souls would not be likely to act. On this subject we have a few words to say.

Suppose an unbeliever to be accidentally thrown into the presence of a good natural medium. Suppose him orthodox in his religious creed, and old-fashioned in his notions generally. A circle is formed, and raps are produced; the table is tipped, and perhaps lifted up over their heads without any visible means. The skeptic is told that all this is done by Spirits, and it is not wonderful that the nature of the feats performed will seem unworthy of a great Spirit. In the absence of any tests which prove the work of Spirits, he will naturally be disgusted with what he has seen, and be ready to adopt the theory, blindly proposed, that some new law of nature causes electricity to act and produce these phenomena; or that men's minds have a power of will—voluntary or involuntary—to produce them. If the skeptic shall see furniture thrown around, and crockery broken, and other mischief done, he will easily account for it all upon the clergy's theory, that it is the work of the devil, who takes this means to win souls to eternal damnation.

Let us enumerate some of the most common forms of the manifestations of Spirits, and see whether or not they are wise, and adapted to the purpose of convincing skeptics of the immortality of the soul.

1. There are the RAPS, or KNOCKINGS.—These are easily produced in the presence of a natural medium; that is, one who has surplus of what we will call the nervous fluid, and which, by the magnetization of Spirits, can be indefinitely increased. This, though a simple manifestation, requires peculiar circumstances for its production, and it is comparatively rare.

2. TIPPING OF TABLES.—This is more easily effected by Spirits than making raps. It can be done in the presence of any one who is, in a slight degree, a natural medium. Whatever is to be moved, a table for instance, is to be charged with magnetism, or the nervous fluid. To do this, several persons put their hands upon it (or one only, if a developed medium,) and sit from five minutes to two hours, according to their magnetic or non-magnetic quality. When the table is charged with Spirits, can move it at will, and with facility in exact proportion to the strength of the charge.

3. RESPONSES BY THE HAND.—This manifestation is produced by magnetization, and it may be done by a mortal as well as by a Spirit. Let any one (mortal or Spirit) magnetize sufficiently the hand and shoulder of a person, and a Spirit can use the hand to respond. There are few persons who could not be this kind of medium.

4. WRITING.—This, if done by the Spirit mechanically, using the hand of the medium only, and not impressing the mind, is but magnetizing the hand and arm still more than would be required for making a response. Few persons can be used thus to write, as there are few organizations which can be magnetized sufficiently. In responding, merely the nerve alone of the muscle may be acted on, but in writing mechanically the whole arm must be at the command of the Spirit, and so perfectly as to resist the will of the medium, else when he sees a word or two written, he will guess at what is wanted, and incline, in spite of himself, to write it.

5. PERSONATION.—This is accomplished by magnetizing the medium generally, but chiefly the head. The medium is then impressed with the personality of the Spirit to be represented, and made to act him out. In this way, very good identification is obtained. Mediums of this kind often indicate the nature of the disease which ended the Spirit's earthly life, or show by some peculiar act or sign the individuality of the one represented.

6. PSYCHOLOGY.—In this, the medium is magnetized, chiefly in the perceptive organs, and when sufficiently impressed, sees the individual Spirits who are to be represented. This kind of vision does not always indicate that such Spirits are pre-

sent, but generally they are so. The Spirit who has influenced the medium, and is in sympathy (*en rapport*) with him, wills him to see persons or things, and he sees them. Whatever picture is in the Spirit mind, will be seen by the medium—though what is said or thought by the Spirit may not be understood, for the perception of words is very different from the perception of things—that is, the hearing and the sight are distinct faculties, and a medium may possess either without the other, or both of them. A mortal can act upon a medium in this way as well as a Spirit, and this often used to be done a few years ago under the name of animal magnetism. It is now done in public exhibitions, and is called mental alchemy, psychology, &c. It is simply the ascendancy of one mind over another.

7. SPEAKING, OR PROPHECY.—This is acting upon the hearing faculty of the mind, as the preceding acts upon the seeing. The medium being duly magnetized, (by a Spirit or mortal), the operator thinks or speaks, (they are practically the same thing to a Spirit, as he will hear the vocalization of the thought, and not the acoustic sound), and the medium hears the words thought or spoken, either as a whisper or as an audible voice, and being *willed to speak*, utters them. Some mediums of this kind hear the words of the Spirit distinctly, and utter them, whatever they may be; others, less impressive, only hear a part of the words, and that faintly, and gather a general impression of what the Spirit would say. The former could hear and utter a name, place, or date, the latter could not give any test of the influence of the Spirit.

The best medium of this class can and do serve to give communications in foreign languages—not understood by the medium. But this can only be done when an unconscious trance has been produced. This is the mediumship alluded to by St. Paul in 1 Corinthians, 12th to 14th chapters, where he says, "Desire Spiritual gifts, but rather that ye may prophesy," &c.

8. TRANCE.—This is a state of utter unconsciousness, produced by magnetization. While in this condition, the medium is in the condition of a Spirit—generally, but not always, seeing the Spirit and talking with him face to face, "as a man talketh with his friend." Such conversation is, however, carried on by the medium mentally. He knows the condition he is in. He knows that he sees and talks with Spirits, but feels no surprise or fear, for he is himself in the condition of a freed Spirit. He hears the thoughts of those who are placed in communication with him—and in some cases he hears the thoughts of all in the room. If the Spirit desires it, he will say audibly that which is required; but a medium in this state feels unwilling to make use of the vocal organs, and always so with a little difficulty. There are partial trances where this is not the case—where the medium is in a semi-conscious state and speaks fluently, often much more than the Spirit requires. Many persons, at least one fourth of all that were ever created, as we think, have been put in this state while they were asleep, by some of their loving friends, who were in the Spirit-world; for in that trance, the communion of earthly life is renewed. But between this communion and the earthly life, "there is a great gulf fixed." It is impossible, with rare exceptions. Once in a thousand times, perhaps, the communion is remembered, and then, it is called a dream. Once in a million times, perhaps, the person wakes while the magnetism, which caused the trance, yet remains in force upon his brain. If then sees his departed friends face to face, and knows that the vision is true. But the force of this conviction fades away by degrees, and if the story were told, all who heard it would pronounce it a dream, and nothing more. Thus the knowledge or conviction conveyed to the mind by a vision cannot be transferred to another. It will serve alone for the one who sees.

9. EXTERNAL IMPRESSIBILITY.—Those who are subjected to much magnetizing will grow sensitive to Spiritual contact. If a Spirit lays his hand upon the head, the touch will be felt, and frequently the form of the hand will be so clearly defined that the medium will recognize the Spirit to whom it belongs. There are many phases of this impressibility. Sometimes the medium will recognize the presence of a Spirit and know who it is, without any other knowledge than what is gained from the external feeling or impression—*sphere*, as it is sometimes called. A medium of this kind can communicate with a Spirit by the touches made upon his person. This kind of mediumship is more rare than the others. It is useful chiefly to the medium as it enables him to hold a private conversation with a spirit unknown to the surrounding company.

10. MENTAL IMPRESSIBILITY.—This is common to all mankind, and possessed in some measure by brutes, but it ranges through infinite degrees. There are mediums who rarely act themselves, but obey the volition of a Spirit whose mere machineries they are. There are many persons who are constantly impressed by Spirits and thus guided. A large minority of the human race are governed in some degree by impressions from Spirits. Children are especially thus governed by the Spirits who watch over them. Thousands of prodigies are but imbecile children speaking the words forced upon them by their attendant Spirits. If people are disappointed in their fond expectations when the child matures, it is because, from increasing force of will or positiveness, the person has become unimpressible; or because the child, being guided and guarded beyond the infantile period, no longer needs the aid of the Spirit, and is thus left to himself. Spiritualists all learn to recognize this kind of mediumship. They find themselves coming together with one accord for an unknown purpose, and thus see that they were controlled by an unseen influence.

We have here alluded to ten kinds of mediumship. There are many more distinct kinds which it is unnecessary now to mention. Of those here described there are *infinite varieties*. No one can possibly comprehend the diversity of them. Every medium seems a new kind, for all are different. There is good cause for this. If the mediumship be one connected with mental impressions, there will be for every medium a distinctly different individuality, acted upon by many different individual Spirits. Hence the manifestations will all differ, and in definite degrees. They will range from the lowest to the highest—from the best to the worst—from the common-place to the most extraordinary—from the true to the false—from the heavenly to the earthly—from the fiendish to the seraphic. What wonder if, amid all these varieties, skeptics should sometimes be confirmed in their skepticism or believers led to doubt?

But the diversity of the manifestations is still more complicated by the widely varying mental organizations of those who seek them. One will be educated and another ignorant—one is member of an orthodox church and another a free-thinker—one is coldly intellectual or philosophical and another a creature of feeling. And amid these there will be endless diversity of motive and purpose, honesty or falsity, positiveness or passiveness.

etc. Thus whatever may be said through a medium, and however true, is liable to contradiction under varying circumstances; and people seeking communications should always bear this in mind, else everything will seem contradictory.

With the best motives and most persevering attention, people will sometimes fail of obtaining satisfactory communications from Spirits. Those of us who have spent years devoted almost entirely to a pursuit of this ultra-mundane knowledge, have found that we cannot always obtain the waters of inspiration pure from the heavenly fount. They run through long and often tortuous channels and must gather from the banks some impurities. But the water, with all its impurities, is from the fount of all truth, and is necessary to our Spiritual progress. Therefore do we advise all to seek the knowledge, however difficult of attainment, and to be assured that they will find a just recompense of reward.

To the question, whether or not Spirits are wise in their doings, it may be answered, that they evidently do all they can, and although liable to err in judgment, we are more liable to err in forming opinions of the circumstances under which they act. When tests are wanted for the conviction of a skeptic, they resort to *raps*, if there be a natural medium present, or if they can impress the skeptic to go to one. If raps cannot be produced, they may hold a conversation by tipping a table. If circumstances be not favorable, and Spirits think that they would fail to convey the idea, they will manifest themselves in any way they can. They will turn a table or lift it up—produce lights—imitate sawing or planing—imitate the creaking of a ship at sea—produce the sound of a falling body or the tramping of feet—the sound of touching the strings of a musical instrument—anything which the circumstances permit to be done. Sometimes, under peculiarly favorable auspices, they can speak in an audible voice, or appear in a form to thees of all. Whatever they can do to communicate with us and enlighten us, that they will surely do—even though sapient skeptics should pronounce their manifestations unworthy of immortal Spirits.

(From the New England Spiritualist.  
**CLAIRVOYANCE VERSUS JUGGLERY.**  
FACTS FROM ABROAD.

Madame Houdin then advances, saying: "Can you tell me, sir, what I am thinking of at this moment?"

"Give me your hand. 'What are you thinking of?' Wait a moment. You are thinking of a child, a young child. Ah, poor mother, I pity you!"

And Madame Houdin, who, up to that moment, had forced a smile with the design to mislead him if possible, is affected to tears.

"But, sir, you see him then?"

"Yes. He died the 15th of last July."

"At what hour?"

"At four o'clock in the morning."

"At Paris?"

"No; nine miles from Paris—wait—ah! it was too late."

"But what do you mean?"

"I mean that you were too late in changing the wet nurse; you know it very well. It was the milk of the first one that poisoned him. She was very ill, poor wretch!"

"Oh, how true! How exact! And can you tell me what I think of now?"

"Alas! you think of an infant very much younger—for he does not yet exist."

It was, indeed, the thought of Madame Houdin, whose maternal hopes at that moment anticipated the future.

On his part, Alexis, noticing us in the act of writing in a memorandum-book, snatches it from our hands, places it with a quick motion upon his head, and reads two or three lines written with a pencil, and which we find on the page indicated.

But—a peculiar fact, to which we call the attention of all interested in these inexplicable phenomena—in the memorandum-book there chanced to be a detached object.

"What is it, Alexis?"

"A card."

"Yes, but of what description?"

"I do not know; it is bordered with small engravings; it is full of little lines, all short; but I do not know what it is."

"Look carefully; it is not difficult—a card in a portfolio."

"Wait—it is a large visiting card—a card of steel pens—a merchant's address—"

Neither of those; and the capricious genius of the seer does not go so far as to name the object, which is a calendar. We continue—

"And the paper with it?"

"The one which is folded?"

"Yes."

"Oh, that is quite different, and it is not difficult. Receipts from Messrs. Sagnier & Bray, booksellers, Rue des Saints Peres, No. 64—amount, 15 francs 20 centimes."

R. Houdin opens the paper, and confirms the truth of this statement; a new addition to his astonishment. However, he thinks himself:

"This, sir, signifies nothing to me, for, in fact, I have not the honor to be acquainted with you, and although I am convinced that you are not in collusion with the clairvoyant, I must proceed as if you were. Permit me, then, to keep him to myself, and to make one last experiment. Whose hair is this?"

"That of a young man."

"What young man?"

"Your son."

"What age?"

"Three years less than you give him."

"It is true. How does he feel? He is sick."

"Yes, he suffers much in the right side; but stop—you have just touched the hair, and I mistake. It is you that suffers in the right side, and even at this moment."

"It is very true; but my son?"

"Your son? Nothing is the matter with him."

"Indeed! Look carefully; something ails him. Do you see nothing?"

Alexis examines himself, moves his hand along his legs, raises it to his stomach, to his breast, to his head, and nothing is indicated.

"Examine carefully."

"Ah, I do; what! you trouble yourself about that—for that almost imperceptible little point that I see at the right extremity of the right eye? You think it the commencement of an amaurosis, and make yourself uneasy about it. It is true that the doctors—but be assured—Do nothing. Your son, I repeat, is in perfectly good health. He is now sixteen years and three months old; when he reaches eighteen, that will have passed away."

"It is overwhelming!" says Houdin; "it is enough; let us go."

The two consultants retired in silence, astonished. Now we are with them in the street.

"And what think you of the jugglery?"

"Sir, if there were in the whole world a magician capable of performing such marvels, he would confound me a thousand times more as a magician,

than has the mysterious agent you have just shown me."

"If you wish it, I will take you to see ten others, and you shall witness pretty nearly the same things."

"Ah, it is unnecessary, I assure you."

"So, then, I can depend on your loyalty to your promise?"

"I am a man of honor, sir; and I know neither the low considerations of personal interest nor any compromise with self-love."

"Well and good; after what I have seen of you I cannot doubt it. But tell me, if you please, what caused your smile at the moment of the 'cut,' and then at the first game of cards?"

"I thought I perceived very plainly a coincidence between the separation and the number of cards required."

"But, in fact, I hear it constantly repeated, that your games at cards resemble these as much as one egg resembles another."

"Ah, sir, for him who understands nothing of it, for the man of the world, perhaps they do, and yet this should not be admitted; but for the practical! Reflect then, sir, that all my cards are previously prepared, studied, of unequal sizes, or, in short, artistically arranged. Then, consider my signals, my telegraphs. But here, sir, we had perfectly new cards, cards from which I had but a moment before torn the envelopes, and which the clairvoyant could by no means have studied. And then another thing, in which we could never be deceived, the difference in the manner of touching the cards—the *matte* of execution on the one hand, and on the other the evident pains-taking, which nothing can completely disguise; and beyond all that, this total deprivation of sight—for it is useless to say he could see them—no; it was a thousand times impossible. Besides, granted he could see, how shall we dispose of all the rest? As to my experience in second sight, not being able here to divulge the secret, remember what I take pains to tell you every evening, that I promise only a 'second sight,' and that, consequently, I must have had a first."

The next day, R. Houdin signed the following declaration:

"Though I am quite far from accepting the enigmas that M. de Mirville would bestow upon me, and wishing to be understood, above all, that I do not commit myself in favor or against clairvoyance, I cannot, however, help declaring that the facts reported above are given with the most complete exactitude, and that the more I reflect, the more it is impossible to rank them among those which are the subjects of my art and profession."

"ROBERT HOUDIN."

Fifteen days later we received in addition the following letter:

"Sir: As I have had the honor to inform you, I have been favored with a second *seance* at Marcellet's room. Yesterday's was even more wonderful than the former one, and leaves no longer in my mind the least doubt as to the lucidity of Alexis. I attended this last *seance*, with the design to notice more closely the game at cards, which had so much astonished me. I took, this time, much greater precaution than before, for, distrustful myself, I chose a friend to accompany me, whose calm character could appreciate coolly, and establish a sort of equilibrium in my judgment."

"Here is what transpired; and it will be evident that *subtleties* never could have produced effects such as I am about to cite. I broke the seal of a pack of cards brought by myself, and of which I had marked the envelope, that they might not possibly be changed. Having shuffled, I proceeded to deal them with all the circumspection of a man accustomed to the finesses of his art. Ineffectual precaution! Alexis stopped me, designating one of the cards that I was about to place before him on the table:

"I have the king," said he.

"But you know nothing about it yet; for the deal is not made."

"You will see," he replied; "go on."

"Indeed, I dealt to myself the eight of diamonds, and his was the king of diamonds. The game was continued in a singular manner; for he told the plays I was about to make, notwithstanding the fact that I hid my cards under the table and covered them with my hands. He returned my play without looking at his cards, and in all cases they proved to be the precise ones called for by my lead."

"I returned from the *seance* filled with wonder and astonishment, and persuaded that it is utterly impossible that chance or skill could ever produce effects so marvellous."

"Receive, sir, &c.,"

"ROBERT HOUDIN."

This, then, remains a settled fact. The grand master in "subtleties," (to use his own expression) himself rests struck with stupor, stands confounded before the most simple of these phenomena, rejected by official science under the pretext of deception and jugglery.

**REMINISCENCES OF CHILDHOOD.**

The following "Reminiscences" are going the rounds of the press without credit, which must be our excuse for not giving honor where honor is due. However, the name would add little to the pleasure which most readers will experience as they turn over the leaves of memory's book, and realize how much of *Spiritualism* mingles in the fancies, dreams, and memories of "long, long ago." We make note of these, however, to say, that "ere this generation shall have passed away," there are thousands who will be able to give a happier coloring to the Spiritual associations of childhood and dream-land.—*El. Ch. Spt.*

"Good night!" A loud clear voice from the top of the stairs said that; it was Tommy's. "Dood night!" murmurs a little something from the trundle-bed—a little something we call Jenny, that fills a very large place in the centre of one or two pretty large hearts. "Good night!" lisps a little fellow in a plaid rifle dress, who was christened Willie about six years ago.

Now I lay me down to sleep,  
I pray the Lord my soul to keep;  
If I should die before I wake?

and the small bundle in the trundle-bed has dropped off to sleep, but an angel will finish the broken prayer for her, and it will go up sooner than many long-winded petitions that set out a great while before it.

And so it was "Good night" all around the old homestead; and very sweet music is made, too, in the twilight, and very pleasant melody it makes now as we think of it; for it was not yesterday, nor the day before, but a long time ago—so long that Tommy is Thomas somebody, Esq., and has forgotten he was ever a boy, and wore what the bravest and the richest of us can never wear but once if we try—the first pair of boots; so long ago that Willie must stoop when he crosses the threshold; so long ago that Jenny has gone the way of the old prayer she was saying—for, saying another, she did as before, fell asleep as she said it, and waked no more. Good night, to thee, Jenny—good night!

And so it was good night all around the house, and the children had gone through the ivory gate, always left a little ajar for them—through into the land of dreams; or through the golden one they call "beautiful," into the land of angels.

So they are all scattered and gone, and the old house is tenantless, and there is nobody there to say good night, and nothing but the rain can come in, and the birds that have built them a nest among the broken stones of the hearth, and the sheep that take shelter from the pitiless storm under the wall that is whole; and yet now we think of it, there is a wonderful dignity about the old place. Its rooms were not very spacious; precious little tapestry adorned the walls; the caves were low, and mossy and grey; but did we not begin to live; and to love, and to hope, there? Did not the old homestead have much to do with the fashioning of our thoughts?

Was it not, as it were, an humble mould, for the shaping of our fancies? Did we not bear away with us, wherever we went, a cabinet of pictures that were painted there? Have you forgotten what a shapeless thing it was that used to lurk in the dark at the top of the stairs, always in wait to catch you on your way to bed, but never doing it? And what long-drawn sighs used to come moaning down the garret, and what trailing garments rustled along the garret floor? How we fancied it was a lady in a castle—a lady fair and young—and we, so many champions to sound the bugle at the gate and bear her safe away. For then we heard read "The Scottish Chiefs," and "Thaddeus of Warsaw," and the Duke of Gloster saw fewer Richmonds in the field than there were Wallaces of us then—each one with a Marmion or Helen to bless him.

Then the tale that Dolly told us round the kitchen fire, when she had "done up" the work and "done up" her hair, and swept up the hearth and set down to her sewing. Then it was we gathered round, and besought her for a story—of ghosts, or witches, or fairies, or little, wonderful children that lived a long time ago, and became very beautiful or very brave, or very something that we longed to be. How we would have delighted to be Robin Hood, and live in the woods, and wear an array of Kendall Green. How we wished we had been Jack the Giant Killer, or Richard Whittington, or Cinderella, or somebody she told us of.

But when she told us of ghosts in white that made no footfall when they walked; of their hands how cold they were; of their laugh, how glittering and ghastly it was—have you forgotten how we drew a little nearer, as the tale went on, and thought the light was burning dim and blue, and begged her to stir the sleeping fire, and dare not look behind us where the shadows were, and fancied something sighed or spoke, and syllabled our names. Each voice subsided to a whisper—all but Dolly's, and she went on, with castles grim, and spectres dim, and dungeons deep, and ladies fair, while her glittering needle darted in and out along the lengthened hem. At last, one of us is browned upon her lap; and another begs to lay his head therein; and still the tale goes on.

The clock is on the stroke of time and how we dreaded the last shrill chime! It came, and we went reluctantly to bed. How dark the hall was; and the door must be left open a little; and "Dolly are you there?" and "Dolly good night," and Dolly something just to hear her speak, came from under the quilts we had drawn over our heads; and we wondered what rattled the window, and what shook the bed, and didn't you feel something cold, or hear something step, and now, we all wished we were asleep, or it was morning, or the sun shone all night. How we suffered then and nobody knew it, and nobody bade us be brave.

Well, years have passed, but we build castles as we did then, and feel just such great cold shadows as used to lurk in the hall, and people then with forms no eye has ever seen. The memory should not be a tomb, a place for ghosts to revisit the glimpses of the moon in, but a beautiful place, full of recollections of sunshine and loveliness.

There should be something beautiful about a homestead—a beautiful picture, a beautiful brook, a beautiful tree. A memory with glorious maps in it, and a running stream, and an old well of crystal water, and a roof with a vine on it, and eaves with birds in them, and a pasture full of daisies—what a lovely place it must be, indeed, to think that in January we can always have June; in an Arabia Petrea, an "Araby the Blest."

Mothers always look beautiful to children; they make a picture for memory's cabinet that "old masters" never equalled. But then, they should be in a beautiful setting. Let there be a broad hearth and an ample fire-place in the old homestead, if you do shut up the fire in iron boxes, or look at it through a grate. Get a cord or two of old maple, and a handful or two of old beech for a *feu de joie*, and a basket or two of old fashioned chips, and keep them all for winter birth-days and Christmas eyes, and New Year's nights; and get an old fashioned body to build an old fashioned fire, and blow out the candles or "turn off" the gas, and gather within the circles of the hearth-light, and tell pleasant tales, and smile pleasant smiles. So you will give the children something beautiful to remember, for believe us, such a picture in such a light will never fade out from the God-woven canvass that hangs in the heart.

**THEOLOGY PROGRESSIVE.**

Another duty of a theologian is, to cherish a liberal faith in the possibility of improving our standard theological systems. Improvement in other sciences is hailed with joy, but in theological science is often deemed both undesirable and impossible. The new is but too often regarded as a synonyme with the false, and untrammelled inquiry as a sign of ambition and arrogance. It is on record that Jerome, having grown old in the belief that falsehood for a good purpose is a duty, became incensed at the "daring spirit of Augustine for venturing out of the common road," and gainsaying the popular belief; and he advised the young reformer, "if he burned with a strong desire for glory, rather to seek some champion of his own age with whom to contend, than to molest him who was a worn out veteran." With similar complaisance were Luther, and Calvin, and Edwards, and Hopkins, aspersed as innovators; and the distinctive theology of New England has suffered less from any logical processes than from the obloquy of the name which it has worn for more than fifty years, the name of "new divinity."

It is said that theological science differs from every other, in that it comes from God, and was therefore perfect at first. It did come from God; it did come perfect from Him. But is there not a wide distinction between what is perfect as given, and what is perfect as received; between the fulness of God's teaching and the completeness of man's learning? The most harmonious developments of doctrine, are at first but partially comprehended by our ill-balanced minds. God reveals his truth in such a way as to try the character, and not to prevent the possibility of a distorted view; in such a

way as to stimulate and guide our active reason, and not to supersede our industry, that parent of virtue. He has decreed that the perfection of doctrine shall be given as a reward to him, and only him, who is earnest and piously skilful in following out the hints of nature and the Bible. And as the zeal of theological scholarship has never been where it should be, so the development of theological doctrine has not been what it should and will be. We recognize the invigorating discipline of our Christian giving us the raw material, and not the finished ready-made; the gold in the ore under the ground, and the pearls at the bottom of the sea, and the matter of science from which we must elicit the science for ourselves. But we recognize the lethargy of man in eyeing the butterfly, and then digging for the silver; in neglecting to date even the truths of secular science, evidence they are, subservient to his temporal good. We can suppose, then, that he has gone to the foundations of that recalcitrant science, which is to his vitiated tastes—gone past all improvement in the richest of human studies? Is not the history of man to be rising regularly, though slow, from the savage to the sage; to elucidate by and little, the involved phenomena of life? Is not an old proverb, that Truth is the daughter of Time? Is it not on every body's tongue, that the little child standing on his father's shoulders, can see farther than his parent; and starting in his race where his father stopped, may go beyond his parent's goal? As every age may begin with the results of that age preceding, as the experience of successive generations are quickening the growth of virtuous feeling, and thereby of clear perception, we cannot but hope that the most extensive of the sciences will yet be explored with new and success.

It is needless to add that theology has been improving within the last two centuries, and the comparison between the standard of the present day, and those of Turretin, Hodge, or Owen, presents a *rich earnest of what is to be*. All these improvements have given, and all the improvements will give new power to the essential doctrines of Jesus.—Prof. Park, (Orthodox) of the *Dover Theological Seminary*.

**RATS AND THE DEAD HORSES OF PARIS.**

Four hundred horses die or are killed in Paris one week. There is a common pound, surrounded by a stone wall, covering some ten acres, according to some municipal regulations, (there is "ordnance" for every thing in France), and carcasses, except human ones, must be brought to this general receptacle. The carcass of a horse, valuable for the bone, the hide, and the hair, say nothing of the flesh, much prized when it is in certain sausage manufactories. But should wait until the horse has actually shuffled off his hairy coat, you might miss a bargain—among the trade precedes and purchases. Hence it is important to buy the horse, before he is dead, as a regular business in Paris. You can take agents for the purchase of dead horses at a distance of the dress is that of an English grocer, save the gaiter on the visor of the cap, representing the horse's head and cross-bones; a memorandum book, a pencil, a stamp, and a piece of caustic to complete his accoutrements. With scrupulous travels the thoroughfares of Paris; should a dog come, break a leg or neck, should he show toms of distress—in a word, anywhere a way evince signs of the many ills to which flesh is heir, immediately is an offer made to an animal, deliverable when really dead. The concluded, the "signalement" of the horse is carefully recorded, and a private note is ed on the inside of the fore